THE TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY
BRADING & THOMSON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents,
If paid in advance,
Two Dollars within the year.
if not paid until after the expiration of the year
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents
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MEIGS COUNTY TELEGRAPH,

A Weekly Journal---Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets and General Intelligence.

$2 per Annum. "ONE COUNTRY—ONE CONSTITUTION—ONE DESTINY." $1.50 in Advance.

BY BRADING & THOMSON. POMEROY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1852 VOL. 4.—NO. 45.

OFFICE OF THE TELEGRAPH,
FRONT STREET,
SEVEN DOORS BELOW COURT—UP STAIRS.
POMEROY, OHIO.

Rates of Advertising.

One square (13 lines or less) three weeks,	$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
One square, three months,	3 00
One square, six months,	5 00
One square, one year,	8 00
One half column, one year,	20 00
Three-fourths of a column, one year,	25 00
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From the New York Tribune.

Spirit Rappings.

After the manner of the "Raven."

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

In the world of mind and spirit, could our grosser senses hear it,
There's a sweet and gentle flowing from a loved and lovely shore;
Yet our life is but a dial, where the hand of stern denial
Keeps us in the path of trial, bidding us wait evermore;
While the land of Hope's ideal, distant, distant evermore,
Bids the spirit onward soar.

I have often sat and wondered whether spirits ever blundered
From the world beyond this mundane, as they say they did of yore;
And I have often queried whether they would come and talk together
With the men that walk in leather, who their presence might implore—
Whether they coul d come and bring them, from the untrodden shore,
News of wonder yet in store.

While I pondered on the matter, thinking whether in these latter
Days of telegraph and clatter, they would see us any more,
Taking up the daily papers, there I read of sundry capers
Of the tables, chairs and tapers, moving on the chamber floor,
And the rapping and the tapping, growing louder than before,
On the window or the door.

Soon they found somehow or other, how to talk to one another,
As a man would ask his brother what the message that he bore;
And they answered by a knocking, which would set the things a rocking,
And would bring the folks a flocking, flocking to the chamber door,
While they stood and silent waited, peeping through the chamber door,
While they wondered more and more.

Then in village, town and city—(some declared it was a pity
That believers in the spirits should the mysteries so outpour)—
Still the wonder was increasing, and there seemed to be no ceasing,
Till the wheels should get a greasing, of this rusty end of gore,
While the mediums—Fish-y, Fox-y—on our gross material shore
Rattled at the chamber door.

They have spirits wide awake, O! with the spirits down to Saco,
Where the people drank the spirits in the gloomy days of yore;
And the rappings growing louder, make me feel a good deal prouder
Of the State where folks can chowder with spirits from the store,
And where people free and happy, from the mountain to the shore
Fear the spirits nevermore!

There the Sheriff does the rapping, and the spirits hear the tapping,
And they tremble in their lodgings in the corner of the store;
And the noise of axe or hammer, with the people's shout and clamor,
Make the spirits start and stammer, for they know their days are o'er;
And they blush, as they had ought to, but their bloody race is o'er,
Making Maniacs nevermore!

So with pushing, shoving, rolling, and their course with care controlling,
Forth the Sheriff brings the spirits far without the haunted store;
And he says, "I rather reckon—'tis a guess I'll stake my neck on—
That such spirits I could beckon from a place below the floor;"
And the valiant blow he gives them, lets the spirits all outpour,
Cursing mortals nevermore!

Oh! I love the kind of rapping, and the welcome friend whose tapping
Tells that Mercy, like an angel, stands to guard the poor-house door:
And the brotherhood that ever, by a holy pure endeavor,
Seeks our fallen ones to sever from the monster-vice of yore,
While the father, mother, children, see the gloomy poor-house door
Or the prison nevermore!

Waken! every son and brother! shoulders braced to one another!
Keep this glorious bond of union round your hearth-stone evermore!
Peace shall smile and sweetly bless you, and the future shall caress you,
And the children's love address you, from their childhood's golden shore,
While the thousands in the fullness of their blessings rise and pour
Songs of gladness evermore!

Handsome Men.—One of our exchanges contains the following curious remarks, relating to handsome men: "If you are ever threatened with a handsome man in the family, just take the clothes-pounder, while he is yet in bed, and batter his head to a pummace. For some cause or other, handsome men are simpletons; they cultivate their hair and complexion so much, that they have no time to think of their brains. By the time they reach thirty, their hands and heads are equally soft. Again, we say, if you wish to find an intelligent man, just look for one with features so rough that you might use his face for a nutmeg grater."

On the Sabbath after the burial of Mr. Webster most of the clergymen in Boston preached sermons appropriate to he occasion. Among others, the Rev. Thomas S. King preached, and selected his text as follows, from Daniel, vi, 2.

"Then this Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the *King* thought to set him over the whole realm."

Death of Daniel Webster.

Sketch of his Life and Public Career

DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State in the Government of the United States, died on Sunday morning, October 24th, 1852, surrounded by his family and friends, at his home in Marshfield. He had repaired thither, from the labors and cares of his official position at Washington, in consequence of failing health, some weeks before; but it was not until ten days before his decease, that his medical attendants pronounced his recovery hopeless. His last illness comported well with the dignity and the imposing grandeur of his character and his life. The summons of death was heard with the same serenity, and obeyed with the same prompt submission, with which every call of duty during his life had been answered and met. Thus has closed the most illustrious career which has yet graced the civil history of this Republic. It closed, as was fitting, away from the anxieties and responsibilities of official place, in the midst of the sanctities and affections of Home. That great light, from which radiance and warmth, and all the strengthening influences have so long been shed upon his country, has disappeared, not by any sudden eclipse of its meridian glory, but by the natural decline from its lofty course, in the full but mellowed radiance of its advanced hours. For the instruction and guidance which we have been accustomed to find in his presence and his public acts, the country must now recur to the records of history, and to those matchless productions of his which he has bequeathed to the use and the care of the coming generations.

A great English dramatist, in closing a preface to the collected works of two of his cotemporaries, one of whom was his intimate friend, pronounces at once a eulogy upon their character, and an interdict upon all who should attempt to hold it up to the admiration of the world, by declaring that "he must be a bold man that *dares* undertake to write their lives." The exigencies of Journalism leave little room to consult proprieties which would deter even so consummate a genius as Shirley from writing the biographies of Beaumont and Fletcher. Fortunately, however, its aims are not so lofty as to render failure in the attempt to reach them, an offence beyond the scope of charitable consideration. And although few men of modern times take higher rank than Daniel Webster among "worthy personages that deserve better than dispersed report or barren eulogies,"—and although he who shall give to the world an adequate and satisfactory account of that long and laborious life, which has just come to a close, will render a service to the country and the world, which even the high praise of Biography, by Lord Bacon, could not extol too much—the ambition of the Journalist is simply to be useful in a smaller way, and to supply such general knowledge of the great deceased as may awaken kindly recollections of what he has done, and thus meet the craving which bereavement always creates in the human heart. We shall have accomplished, therefore, all we can hope to do, in the few hours that remain for such a task, if, in sketching the life and public career of Mr. Webster, we shall be found to have brought afresh to memory, and to have commended anew to grateful study, events reflecting honor upon the country—acts evincing profound and intelligent patriotism, and sentiments which will find an echo in every heart, duly alive to the interests of the race, and studious of the means by which its civil well-being can be best secured.

Daniel Webster was born in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782. His age, at the period of his death, was accordingly seventy years, nine months, and six days.

The ancestral line of the Webster family extended back, in authemic records, to the early part of the Seventeenth century.—Thomas Webster, born in 1632, was the great-great-grandfather of Daniel. He emgrated to this country from Norfolk, England, in the year 1656, and seuled at Hampton, in New Hampshire, where, soon after his arrival, he was united in marriage to Sarah Brewer, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. Ebenezer, his second son, was born in 1667, and was married to Hannah Judkins in July, 1700. Of his sons only one had issue. This was Ebenezer, grandfather of Daniel, who was married to Susannah Batcheider in 1736, and had eight children, of whom the oldest was Ebenezer, the father of the great statesman.

Ebenezer Webster was born in Kingston, New Hampshire, on the 22d of April, 1739. The settlement was then new, and Ebenezer's father was a diligent and persevering farmer. The son, an active youth, was early chosen as one of the famous "Rangers" of Major Robert Rogers, and served with that distinguished officer, under Lord Amherst, in the French War of 1763. The Rangers were kept in pay of the Crown during the continuance of the War. Mr. Webster was one of the party which, under the command of Major Rogers, made an expedition to Crown Point for the purpose of chastising the Indians and destroying their villages—an act which was deemed essential to the preservation of the whites. The Rangers were always on active duty, and proved most efficient allies. The history of their trials and their triumphs has never been fully told. At the conclusion of the Peace, Mr. Webster, taking advantage of the moment of quiet which was afforded him, commenced a settlement, in company with several others, in a border town, on a branch of the Merrimack River. The place was first known as Bakerstown, but was afterward called Salisbury—a name that will endure as long as the history of its greatest Son shall be remembered and cherished among the proudest ornaments of the country. Mr. Webster had just commenced the necessary preparations for a comfortable rural residence, when the Revolutionary struggle began. His former reputation as one of the body of Rangers served to direct the eyes of the neighbors toward him, and his services were soon in active request as the leader in the conviction of their military bands. It is needless to say that the veteran Ranger entered, heart and soul, into that long and dubious contest. Foremost among the brave defenders of the Nation, and skillful, brave, and experienced, the weight of Mr. Webster's talents was speedily manifested in the consistent ardor with which the battle was maintained. Mr. Webster commanded a volunteer company of his friends and neighbors, under General Stark, in the fight at Bennington, and during the engagement was seen in the thickest of the fray. It had been given out by Stark, some time previous to the battle, that it was his intention to march to Sullwater, and a detachment of the British, one thousand strong, was consequently sent to intercept him. The forces of the enemy having been thus divided and weakened, the American General was enabled to cope with them in detail. Col. Warner was stationed in the rear of the American army, with a reserved corps, while Captain Webster was ordered to advance with his company of one hundred men, in search of two hundred more, who were out upon a scout. The companies once united, Capt. Webster was to assume the command of the whole, and fall upon the enemy on the rear but on no account to fire, until the action had commenced on the other side. It was on this memorable occasion that Gen. Stark uttered the celebrated words: "Fellow-soldiers! there is the enemy: if we don't take them, Molly Stark will be a widow to-night!" Captain Webster having fulfilled the duty assigned him in collecting together the three hundred men, awaited his share in the honors of the day. When allowed to make his charge upon the enemy, with pieces loaded, and with firm and equal step, his men advanced upon the opposing breastworks. Captain Webster was the first to leap the defences, but the reinforcements were not sufficient to render the attack successful, and his command was driven back. Meantime, the British were strengthened by the arrival of one thousand fresh troops upon the field, and a new disposition of the battle became necessary. Gen. Stark placed Captain Webster and Captain Gregg on the left wing of the American force, Colonel Nichols on the right, and placed the army in a strong position. The result of that struggle is a matter of history, and a large proportion of its fame is due to the efforts of Ebenezer Webster. At the battle of White Plains, Mr. Webster was also present, and performed effective service. At the end of the war, he again retired to private life, and sought to end his days peacefully and with honor, as an humble cultivator of the soil. This, however, was denied him. The people whom he had served had stronger claims upon him. He was, for several years, elected a Representative from Salisbury to the Legislature of New Hampshire, and in the years 1785-6-8 and '90, filled the office of State Senator. In 1785 he was appointed Colonel of the Militia. In 1791 he was chosen as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, for the county of Hillsborough, which office he held until 1805. On the 22d of April of the following year (1806) Colonel Webster died upon his farm, at the age of 67. His wife, Abigail, survived him ten years, and died on the 14th of April, 1816, aged 76 years.

Col. Webster was twice married. His second wife, Abigail Eastman, the mother of Daniel and Ezekiel, was a lady of Welsh descent, and a resident of Salisbury at the time of her marriage.

Daniel Webster was born under the influence of true New England institutions. A harsh and rugged country, cold blasts and meagre natural advantages, formed no pleasant introductions to the world. The hills and forests of the Granite State offered few inducements, years ago, for the development of intellectual versatility and strength. It was the aim of her people to impart to their children the soundest principles of morality and common sense. Few indulgences were allowed them, and the sacredness of parental control was strictly guarded. In the midst of such a public sentiment was Daniel Webster reared. He enjoyed what is termed a good New England education, receiving the full advantages of the school system of that day—not, as now, brought home to every door, but occasional, and migratory in its nature.

While still young, Daniel was daily sent two miles and a half to school, in the middle of winter, and on foot. He walked the entire distance there and back. If the school chanced to remove still further off from his father's house, board was engaged in some convenient family for the youthful student, and his acquisitions of knowledge were pursued without interruption. An ardent desire for learning was early manifest in the mind of Daniel Webster. Difficulties were presented, with which he was compelled to struggle; hindrances stood in the way, which he was obliged to overcome. But every obstacle was surmounted, and the scholar came forth a man. His father was deeply impressed with the necessity of education, and spared no pains to give Daniel a thorough insight into the mysteries of knowledge. Among the few volumes contained in the Circulating Library of that day, the young Daniel found a special fascination in a copy of the "Spectator"—particularly in the criticisms upon "Chevy Chase." Before he was fourteen years old, he could repeat the whole of the "Essay on Man." The muse possessed great attractions for his fancy, and devotional hymns were frequently added to the list of his juvenile accomplishments.—Among the pieces committed to memory, as a pastime merely, was the entire volume of that ancient collection of Church melodies known as "Watts's Psalms and Hymns."

In his fourteenth year, Daniel was placed in Phillips' Academy, at Exeter, N. H., at that time under the care of Dr. Benjamin Abbot. This event, his first separation from home and friends, took place on the 25th of April, 1796. Daniel was now one among ninety boys, all of whom were perfect strangers. Reconciling himself, however, to the necessities of the case, Daniel soon became naturalized among his new associates, and made rapid progress in the customary routine of academical studies. Public declamation, curiously enough, was his aversion, and the thought of it a bugbear. The future orator withdrew from observation, and sought to conceal himself behind his fellows. Remaining but a few months at the Academy, Daniel, in February, 1797, was placed under the tuition of Rev. Samuel Woods, at Boscawen. The prospect of a collegiate education was at this time first opened to him by his father. Incited by the indications of this preferment, colleges being then exclusive, and not in every case attainable, the young man profited by the opportunities that were offered him. With Mr. Woods, he read Virgil and Cicero, and became a fair Latin scholar. His favorite classic at this time was Cicero, and the strength of early impressions was never abated—the immortal Orator was always the favorite study of the American Sage.

In the summer of 1777, Daniel entered Dartmouth College as a Freshman. The regular duties of a student were performed by him with faithfulness and energy. He lost no time in idle dissipations, became noted for a constant avidity for reading, and devoted much attention to the acquisition of a knowledge of English literature. Among his college pastimes; he superintended the publication of a small weekly newspaper, to which he contributed various selections, and occasionally an original essay. These early efforts in composition are probably the first of his writings that were ever published.—Graduating with the approbation of his fellows, and in the receipt of the honorable testimonials of merit, though not displaying any remarkable powers that would seem to indicate his future greatness, Daniel returned home, determined to adopt the profession of the law for a livelihood.

A course of legal reading was begun under the eye of Mr. Thompson, a gentleman well-known to the family of Mr. Webster, and afterward United States Senator. Daniel's studies were not, however, suffered to be prolonged without interruption. Anxious that his brother Ezekiel should possess advantages for education similar to those enjoyed by himself, Daniel interceded with his father with such success that the brother, in 1801 was sent to college. To meet the additional expenses which this circumstance involved, Daniel temporarily forsook the Law and commenced teaching school, as much to advance his brother as to cover the necessary expenditures in the prosecution of his own profession. The pedagogue was first made manifest in the town of Fryeburg, in Maine, where Daniel taught the town Academy, for the meagre stipend of $350. Of this amount, he managed to save the whole, having obtained the post of Assistant to the Register of Deeds of the county, by which he met the ordinary outlays of his position. In Fryeburg, Mr. Webster found another circulating library, in which was contained a set of Blackstone's Commentaries, the legal food of the young student during his stay in that place.

In September, 1802, Daniel returned to Salisbury, and resumed the study of the law with Mr. Thompson. When not so engaged, his time was occupied with the Latin Classics. He read with avidity the tomes of Sallust, Cæsar, and Horace. Some odes of the latter were translated by him and published. The sports of angling, gunning, and horsemanship, constituted his pastimes. the meditative pursuit of old Izaak was always a favorite amusement of the great statesman. With fishing-rod and line he would wait for hours beside some tranquil stream, watching the play of the suspicious tribe, and moralizing, like his piscatorian model, upon the ways and doings of fishes and of men. Indeed, it is sportively said by his friends, that, as the future orator one day drew in a large and most tempting trout he uttered the words which he afterward employed in his Bunker Hill address: "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bountifully lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day." The tale is probably a jest; but the words are immortal. In this way, Mr. Webster was ever in the habit of planning speeches and pursuing some other avocation at one and the same moment.

In July, 1804, Daniel removed to Boston, where his course of law-reading went forward under the eye of Hon. Christopher Gore, afterward Governor of Massachusetts. The most ample opportunities were here enjoyed for a complete legal education, and Daniel so far improved them that in the following year (March, 1805,) he was admitted to practice in the Suffolk Court of Common Pleas. According to the custom in those days, the pupil was accompanied into Court by his patron. To the kind exertions of Gov. Gore in his behalf, on this occasion, Mr. Webster acknowledged his great indebtedness. The introduction insured him respect and attention, and he was not long in stepping into a lucrative professional business. It is worthy of remark, as an evidence of the superior discernment of his legal guardian, that in the introductory address, Gov. Gore took the pains to utter a prophecy of the future celebrity of the young aspirant. Mr. Webster began practice in the village of Boscawen, whence he removed to Portsmouth, N. H., in 1807.

About this time, an event occurred which was nearly a crisis in the young man's history. The Clerkship of the County Court of Common Pleas in Hillsborough, N. H., became vacant, and Judge Webster being at the time upon the bench, his colleagues tendered the vacant post to Daniel, as a mark of respect to his father. Daniel was not at all in favor of the proposition. His friend, Gov. Gore, strongly discouraged his acceptance of the offer. "Once a Clerk, always a Clerk," was the argument of that gentleman. Daniel, too, saw reasons why he should not accept. But he knew his father's heart was bent upon it, and, fearing to refuse, he started homeward. In conversation with his father, he finally expressed his determination to decline. Judge Webster was for a moment incensed. Daniel replied that "he meant to use his tongue in the Courts, not the pen; to be an actor, not the register of other men's actions." His father answered him with pride. "His mother," he observed, "had always said that Daniel would come to something or nothing; she was not sure which; he thought the doubt was about to be settled." So the Clerkship went its ways, and Daniel, reconciled to his father, and satisfied with his own course, went back to his practice. Judge Webster lived but a year afterward, but his life was long enough to enable him to hear his son's first argument, and to be gratified at the fulfillment of the promising predictions that had been circulated regarding him. He died in April, 1806.

In May, 1807, Daniel, whom we shall now designate by the more dignified appellation of Mr. Webster, was admitted to practice as Attorney and Counsellor of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and in September of the same year relinquished his office to his brother Ezekiel, who had then obtained admission to the Bar. Daniel then removed to Portsmouth. It may here be proper to say that Mr. Webster always espoused with warmth the cause of Ezekiel, his only brother. A man of strong native powers, though slow to action, Ezekiel only lacked opportunity and a longer life to have become a distinguished personage. He died in the prime of life, while arguing a cause in Concord, New Hampshire, and was lamented by a large class of friends and mourning relatives.

Daniel Webster was married in June, 1808, to Grace Fletcher, daughter of Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Hopkinton, New Hampshire. They had four children—Grace, Fletcher, Julia, and Edward—of whom only Fletcher survives. Grace died early; Edward was killed in the Mexican War; Julia married one of the Appletons, of Boston, and died a few years since.

Mr. Webster resided in Portsmouth for a period of nine years. The Bar of that time presented a roll of brilliant names. Samuel Dexter and Joseph Story, of Massachusetts, William K. Atkinson, Attorney-General of New Hampshire, Judge Jeremiah Smith, Jeremiah Mason, and men of like calibre, were the leading practitioners of the law. With them was sustained a pleasant and profitable intercourse, and the friendship which they extended to Mr. Webster was no small assistance to the efforts of the new aspirant for legal honors. Mr. Webster's practice here was chiefly circuit. He followed the Superior Court into many of the Counties of the State, and was retained in most of the important causes upon the docket. Office he never held in New Hampshire, and his private professional practice was not remarkably lucrative. It has been remarked, as a circumstance somewhat singular, that in very few cases was Mr. Webster employed as junior counsel. Scarcely a dozen instances of this kind occurred during his long career. Men had occasion for his services as their leading counsel, and reposed in him the utmost confidence—a reliance which was never misplaced or regretted, and to which many will now turn with a grateful recollection of the value of his aid.

Soon after the Declaration of War against England, Mr. Webster was called to enter the arena of public life. Though but thirty years of age, an early period to take part in the Councils of a Nation—the native strength of Mr. Webster's character had already pointed him out as the man that was needed for the times; and the undeveloped Statesman made his first step in that long career of public life which has identified his name, as Representative, Senator, Diplomaust, and Cabinet Minister, with the history of the United States.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Last Leaf.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marble rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear,
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grand-mamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Sir John Franklin.—Hope is still entertained that the expedition under Sir John Franklin, may be discovered. Sir Edward Belcher, who is engaged in the search, has found open water up the Wellington Channel, the direction which it is supposed Sir John Franklin took; and if so, it is probable that next year will disclose his fate. The exertions which have been made to find him are creditable to humanity; and we rejoice that our country has participated in them.

Election Anecdote.

A very substantial and worthy Democrat in one of the counties in Ohio, who had acquired the dignity of Judge from his strong natural sense, in the total absence of *Latin*, wrote to a friend in Cincinnati to send the Democrats of his region an Irish speaker; urging that the number of Irishmen engaged on the railroad rendered it indispensable that an Irish orator should be had. The friend in Cincinnati not being able to find an Irish speaker, concluded to try the thing himself, and sent to his honor a letter, indistinctly written, in which he said, '*Deus volens*,' (which being interpreted means, 'God willing,') I will be with you and speak, on an evening named.

The Judge intent upon his Irish orator, went to the Editor, as well skilled in Latin as himself, and announced that Dennis Volens would be on hand at such a time, and showed his letter. There was great joy at the prospect of having Dennis Volens.—Large hand bills were printed and sent express all over the country. The name of Dennis Volens, the eloquent Irishman, the true friend of old Ireland, &c., &c., was on every tree large enough to hold a hand-bill: on all the street corners, and on many tongues. Great and general was to be the jubilee. Erin go bragh, and Dennis Volens forever! The embankments, the cabins, the back townships, the shops and dwellings poured forth the scores and hundreds.—Every heart was touched at the cruel wrongs of the Emerald Isle, and greedy for the eloquent outpouring of Dennis Volens—the generous, high-souled, self-sacrificing friend of Old Ireland.

Volens was believed to be another Emmet or Meagher, and the turn out was not confined to sect, party, or creed. Man was there after his kind and woman after her kind. No one would willingly lose the chance to hear Dennis Volens. The cars arrived and found the Judge in readiness to conduct the speaker to the stand. His friend came out from the cars and was pleasantly received, but very obviously was not the man expected. At length the Judge inquired why Volens did not show himself. The friend explained that he came himself for the purpose of addressing the meeting. The Judge very justly and naturally indignant, remonstrated and explained what had been done to secure an audience for Mr. Volens, and to what extent expectation had been raised, and how disastrous it would be to go before the crowd and state that no Mr. Volens had come. He was himself implicated, and so was the Editor, in the assurances scattered over the country that Volens would *certainly* be on hand! To be treated in that way, and by a man who *claimed to be a friend*, was really too much! Our reporter left the ground while the Cincinnati gentleman was attempting to satisfy the Judge how the mistake originated.

Query.—Is it not likely that many of those who have voted for Pierce under the expectations excited by his electioneering organs, will find that he is only a sort of Dennis Volens before they get through with it?—*Ohio State Journal.*

Kissing and Tobacco.

Miss Fanny Fern, of the Olive Branch, in reply to an observation by a cotemporary, that the "women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who used tobacco," very pertinently remarks:

So they had! but the deuce of it is, all the handsomest men use it in some shape! and 'kissing is a little luxury not to be dispensed with!' As to a *female* kiss, fnugh! there's no *effervescence* in it! it's as flat as an unmixed soda powder! If I am victimized that way, I always take an early application of soap and water! You will see women practice it sometimes, just to keep their hand in; (lips I mean;) but it's a miserable substitute—a sham article! done but half the time to tantalize some of the male audience! (I hope to be pardoned for turning 'State's evidence,' but I don't care a pin if I aint.) Now kissing is a natural gift, (not to be acquired by any bungler;) when you meet a *gifted brother*, 'make a note on't,' as Captain Cuttle says. There's your universal kisser, who can't distinguish between your kiss and your grandmother's—there's your philosophical, transcendental kisser, who goes 'through the motions' *in the air!* then there's——— oh! my senses!—they say there's such a thing as 'unwriten music,' and 'unwritten poetry.' I have my private suspicion there are unwritten '*kisses!*'

The Frightened Barber.

A distinguished traveler mentions that in some instances in China, the "out-side barbarians," are sometimes looked upon as gods, and at others as devils; and he mentions an absurd and very amusing story which goes to show that fear with which strangers are looked upon by this superstitious race:

"After my friend had visited the Porcelian Tower, being somewhat fatigued, he stepped into a barber's shop, and by way of employing his time, he desired the barber to shave his head. The gentleman wore a wig, but which, for the sake of coolness, he had placed in his pocket. The operation of shaving, so common in China, was speedily and skillfully executed. The barber seemed to be delighted with the honor of shaving one of the illustrious strangers.

"Previous to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend placed his wig upon his head, little thinking of the result of this simple process. No sooner, however, had the barber turned round, and observed him whom he had so lately cleaned of every vestige of hair, suddenly covered with most luxuriant growth, than taking one steady gaze at him, to make sure that he was not deceived, he let fall the razor, cleared the counter at a bound, and running madly through the crowd which was speedily collected, cries out that he was visited by the devil!

"No entreaties could induce him to return till every 'outside barbarian' had left the neighborhood—so palpable a miracle as this being, in his opinion, quite beyond all the powers of the gods and demons in the Buddhist calendar!"

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Accomplished at Last!—It is well known that there is no word in the English language to rhyme with 'month.' A gentleman lately asserted among several of his friends, that with all their boasted ingenuity, there was not one of them who could produce a rhyme to "month." A grave individual present, immediately drew forth a pencil and wrote the following, which, upon being read publicly, brought down the house, and the grave individual returned his pencil amidst a cloud of dust.

"They seized a soldier in Broadway,
(December was the month,)
He saw his pistols thrown away,
And so was his gun th—
—Rown away."

Spiritual Knowledge in High Places.—A short time ago, two of the most distinguished millionares, in a flourishing Southern city, met in a social chat, and discussed their natural merits. In course of the confab. the Judge bantered the Colonel, and offered to bet five dollars that the latter could not say the Lord's Prayor. The Colonel accepted the bet, and puting himself in a solemn attitude, began to repeat, keeping time by the swaying of his body, and pronouncing with emphatic force each alternate syllable, these lines, thus:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die——

"Stop, stop," cried the judge, interrupting him, "that will do. I give it up, and here's the V, but I didn't think you could say it."
—*Georgia Citizen.*

A Voucher.—A man once went to purchase a horse of a Quaker.

'Will he draw well?' asked the buyer.

'Thee will be pleased to see him draw,' answered Nehemiah,

The bargain was closed, and the farmer tried his horse, but he would not stir. He returned.

'That horse will not draw an inch.'

'I did not tell thee he would draw, friend,' said the Quaker, 'I only remarked thee would be pleased to see him draw, and so should I, but he never would gratify me in that respect.'

Considerate.—'John,' said a careful father, 'don't give cousin Simon's horses too many oats, you know they have hay.'

'Yeth, thur,' said John, moving towards the barn.

'And, hark ye, John, don't give them too much *hay*, you know they have *oats*.'

A Passage to be Read by the Ladies.—Every man has his price, so said Walpole; but he never said as much of woman. The fact is, Walpole judged the ladies only too correcly, for he knew as well as we do, that many of these dear creatures are beyond all price!

A Model Female Reformer.—Jane! put the baby to sleep with Laudanum, and then bring me my parasol and revolver. I am going to attend a meeting for the amelioration of the condition of the human race.

An entirely new feature was introduced at an Agricultural Fair, held at Batavia.—Nine equestrennes, attended by their cavaliers, entered the ring, and competed for the honors awarded to the best horsemanship.—The first prize was a silver cup.

A Parisian milliner has taken out a patent for a leather bonnet, a new and extremely elegant article, says the Court Journal.—The leather is exceedingly thin and delicate.

An Expensive Ride.—A Yankee shipmaster, in St. Petersburg, Russia, recently got upon the statue of the Colossal Horse, in the square, and seated himself behind Peter the Great. The fun cost him $6,000, the amount of the fine. When the captain remonstrated with the judge at the fine, saying that it was rather an expensive ride, the judge good-naturedly replied, that the captain never before rode so expensive a horse.

Louisville is now the great tobacco mart of the West. Over one million and a quarter of dollars have been paid to planters for their crop the past year. The aggregate of sales was 23,091 hogsheads.

An officer near Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, found a few days since, a small bundle by the road-side and on opening it, discovered eight thousand dollars in $2 bills on the Indiana Bank, all counterfeit.

The Steubenville Messenger changed owners and turned Locofoco the day before the election. So there are now two Locofoco papers and four daily papers in that place.

The Turkish Government and the private Steam Companies of that country, purchase their steamers in England, in preference to the United States, as the many accidents and losses on our rivers and lakes have given them a poor opinion of our machinery.

The silver in the Bank of England has diminished from one million of pounds to nineteen thousand, in the last five years. The gold in the same time has increased from seven to twenty-one millions.

Uncle Tom's Cabin has been translated into German, and is now going the rounds of the German newspapers.

At Miamisburgh, ten miles from Dayton, is one of the largest mounds in the West.—It is 800 feet round the base, and 67 feet high.

Fraudulent tickets for the California steamers are again in circulation in New York. Those wishing tickets are cautioned to purchase them of the ship owners, and not of their pretended agents.

The Halifax people are getting up a public dinner in compliment to Admiral Seymore for his services in protecting the fisheries.

A terrific storm passed over Madison county, Illinois, last Friday week, prostrating trees, houses, fences, and standing crops, in its course. We learn of no deaths.

Col. Benton, in a late speech at St. Louis, said that one hundred millions of dollars have been expended, mostly since 1835, to make slave States of free Territory.